

Pro Wrestling Bemben!

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First of all, let me make one thing perfectly clear. Sushi will not publish pictures of JYD in his coffin. Sushi will not speculate that career-long blows to the skull by JYD giving other wrestlers the dreaded head butt had anything to do with JYD blacking out while driving, nor that if JYD had a better rep for paying people who drove him long distances, he might not have been driving alone the night he died. Nor will Sushi run jokes from people who attended JYD's funeral, looked into JYD's open casket, and made remarks like, "Jeez, are you sure JYD is dead? Whenever he wrestled during the past ten years he rarely moved faster than this!" Even Sushi has standards. Amen.

[Editor's note: Tasteless as it may seem, the preceeding was a proper, grappling-styled burial for another deceased yet wonderful wrestling character. So often, when the real wrestler dies, people forget there is a wrestling "character" that also must be laid to rest. Pro Wrestling Sushi is the final word in this regard. Whereas other media like the Observer, Torch, Lariat, Ring Around the Northwest, and Wrestling Then & Now bury the man, his wrestling history, his grap career, Sushi buries the only thing he's got left--his character. Somebody's got to do it. --JDM]

It's Ron Lemieux's fault. Blame Ron Lemieux. Blame him!

Hello, everyone. Welcome to the 111th issue of Pro Wrestling Sushi!

I want to apologize for the mix-up with the masthead up there. Somehow the actual name of this sheet mysteriously became changed (for this issue only, I hope) and I was unable to fix it before taking it to the printer. Odd, isn't it? It's even more peculiar when you realize my computer is not attached to a modem which, of course, means it's not connected with the Internet. Hmmm. I wonder if Dave Meltzer had a similar problem during the past half-year or so? It could be a clue to another mystery: How the sudden rash of letters-to-the-editor by Eric Bemben of Brooklyn, NY and Steve Yohe of Montebello, CA began showing up on the Observer's Readers Pages beginning last Fall.

Anyway, as much as I wish I could blame the irrepressible Mr. Bemben for this issue being late, I can't. Ron Lemieux is to blame. Yes, good old "Arena Report-Lariat Columnist-Former Recent Telephone Hot Line Correspondent" Ronald "Hey Kids, Let's Go to McDonald's" Lemieux.

When Ron Lemieux quit the Observer Hot Line two weeks ago, because of family values (or as Dave Meltzer put it: "due to time constraints," which is code for Ron Lemieux wanting to spend more time with his kids playing Lincoln Logs and "Where's Waldo?!"), I admit, not having Ron Lemieux plugged into the wild world of graps--like he has been in one way or another for the past dozen or more years--stunned me, floored me, depressed me, and, instead of writing and mailing out the usual nonsense that we here in Sushiland subject you to each week, I found it necessary to take an issue off, and I went on a long hike through a Redwood forest which had trees as big as the Giant's thighs, took a bicycle ride along a creek that had more twists and turns than WCW programming, jogged around a lake that was about as big as Hollywood Hogan's ego, sat on a beach in Santa Cruz where whales were spouting off the coast as if they had just been given lessons by Chris Jericho, and did some serious soul-searching about my own family values and how my twin brother New Jack Hammeroyd and I have been such terrible failures with regard to raising our nine-year-old nephew Jubie Jay Mullins who, as many of you know, ran away from home a couple months ago (but is back now) and, of course, is the bastard son of J. J. Dillon who, many years ago, met and sweet-talked his way into the heart of our easily impressed sister, Jennifer Jo Mullins, and left her with more than just a "pleasant" memory.

So, the reason this newsletter is a week late, is thanks to "Hey, kids, let's break-out the Tinker Toys tonight instead of watching Raw!" Ron Lemieux, who deserted the Observer Hot Line and, in doing so, deserted the rest of his brudders as if we were a bunch of Rick Steiners. Yeah, blame Ron for this issue being late, not me. *[Editor's note: Yes, I know. Another tasteless burial of yet another great character!]*

A Sushi Editorial

The recent death of former Saturday Night Live punster Phil Hartman caused me to wonder: Which entertainers die from unnatural causes more frequently? Major league comedians or big time wrestlers? Certainly the sports entertainment field has rung the final bell for many who could have, should have, would have lived longer if it were not for their unique lifestyles. But so many deaths of people in the comedy biz? Odd when you realize how many comedians from SNL have died before their time. And who'd have thought that people who deliver snappy one-liners for a living would

have a higher death rate (per capita) than wrestlers who not only deliver snappy one-liners, but afterwards, go out and take chairshots to the head or do dangerous corkscrew planchas as part of their livelihoods? At the rate SNL alums are biting the dust, the day is not far off when the producers of that show may have a hard time filling a roster for an oldtimers reunion card.

Mail from the underbelly of the underground

If it's humorous, a bit edged, funny as midgets, or warmer than mother's milk laced with Jack Daniels, it belongs here!
A&E documentary's most glaring omission?

In my opinion, the A&E wrestling documentary was horrible. They left out many important wrestling topics: the Nitro parties, my letters in the Wrestling Observer, my letters in Pro Wrestling Sushi, and my status as being the biggest wrestling icon ever. I'm sure my biggest fan (Steve Yohe) and many other loyal fans of mine were angry when they discovered I was left out of A&E's documentary. My advice to these fans is to write my hero Dave Meltzer about this miscarriage of journalism.

I have only been receiving Sushi for a few weeks now, but in my judgement, issue #109 was a poor effort. I base this opinion on the fact that issue #109 contained no mention of me, no articles written by me, and, especially, no letters submitted by me. I was outraged immensely--as were many of my fans, including my biggest fan (Steve Yohe.) I believe you are jealous that I am gradually taking over our sheet. Also, I believe you have finally realized that once you get me over, I plan to push you out of my sheet. Hopefully, your error in judgement (failing to mention my name and refusing to print any of my correspondence) will be rectified. If not, I will proceed in taking over my sheet for which you are now only a contributor! (My buddy Dave is also outraged with my not being in issue #109 and he has advised me to consider expelling you from Sushi...4-Life!)

Finally, I want to remind you and my legion of loyal fans (including Steve Yohe) that there's still time to cast votes for me--as many as you can!--in PEOPLE's Best Looking Awards and TIME's Man of the Century competition on the internet. The fact that Ric Flair and a drunken dwarf are higher in the polls than me is an outrage!

Eric "An Extremely Pissed-Off Icon" Bemben, Brooklyn, NY

New York reader names Sushi in loss of body part

I just received Sushi for the first time and laughed my ass off! While this has led me to a rather unique medical condition, preventing me from sitting down, here's more \$\$\$ for some back issues.

A. "As in Anvil? Avalance? Annihalator?" Martin, Jackson Heights, NY

Maryland man offended by Eric Bemben push, crushed by Ron Lemieux snub

That Bemben character is getting out of control. Also, regarding Ron Lemieux's letter in issue #106, I'm deeply hurt by Ron's forgetting to mention me when he referred to other "newsletter oldtimers." To paraphrase Raven. . . What about me, Ron, what about me!?!

Greg Petrosino, Bel Air, MD

*[Along with many other oldtime newsletter hardcores whose names Ron left out, I'm just as surprised as you that Ron forgot to mention, of all people, your name in his letter. It may have been something to do with Ron's "time constraint" situation which caused him to retire from the Observer Hot Line scene--you know, like how a hernia can limit certain things a guy can do. For what it's worth, Greg, when Ron did his final Hot Line segment and began mentioning names, I noticed he didn't mention you, again. I'm not trying to cause a problem here between you and Ron, but now that you mention it, it is a bit odd that you weren't one of the first names on Ron's list of mentions, and it does cause a person to wonder why Ron would insult your good name and want to besmirch your reputation by omitting you from his comments. Of course, on his Hot Line farewell, Ron forgot to mention Eric Bemben, too, and you know what kind of well deserved rash of sh*t Ron's going to get for THAT oversight. Interesting though, ever since the mysterious Bemben push began, you are the only REAL GIANT in the newsletter underground whose had the stones to say anything negative about Icon Eric. (God help you, Greg.) --JDM]*

Wild party with Nitro Girls brought to screeching halt?

I thought your angry, jealous readers and "imitator to my throne" (on the Observer's Readers Pages) Steve Yohe might want to know about my recent (wild) party with the Nitro Girls.

The evening started with more gravitational boots than screw jobs from Vince McMahon. Jerry Lawler stopped by with his nine year old date. When everybody heard about Lawler coming with a nine year old, we thought those allegations about him consorting with minor females must be true. To our shock, the nine year old turned out to be your nephew Jubie Jay Mullins. Then Pat Patterson came by. Unfortunately, we had to tell Pat this wasn't his kind of party and now he is conspiring against me if I ever decide to work for the WWF.

As wild partys go, things got out of hand when the reformed and religious Jake "The Flake"

Roberts came by from "Stoned Mountain" Georgia. We all assumed there was a giant snake in his bag. To our dismay it was a bong. Luckily for everyone, Jake warned party-goers of the evil of drugs and promised someday soon we should all look forward to him no-showing an arena near us. Lou Thesz even stopped by to plug his biography. Everybody lost any interest in his book, "Hooker," when we found out it had nothing to do with prostitution or ring rats. By now, the party had spilled more blood and liquor than an ECW show. Val Venis tried to penetrate his way into the party, but nobody had any interest in him. He should have stopped by an hour earlier when Pat was here.

Everybody was disappointed that you, Mullins, missed this bash, since you are one of the most respected journalists in this industry--after me, Meltzer, Vince Russo, Dr. Mike (and Steve Yohe.) Just when you'd think this party couldn't get any more extreme, Dr. Mike stopped by. The sex and gravitational boots with the Nitro Girls game to a grinding halt. For the next six hours we had to endure hours of "Canvas Cavity Search" and Cauliflower Alley tapes. Trust me, nothing can kill a wild sex party faster than tapes like that!

Eric "Still Pissed at A&E and with the Omission in Issue #109" Bemben, Brooklyn, NY
[For those new to Sushi who have had the unique pleasure of reading Eric Bemben's intelligent, analytical, broad spectrum, and wisdom-filled commentary in the Observer's Readers Pages and wonder what happens to him when he contributes to Sushi, all we know is that Eric, a 21 year old college student, also writes humorous columns for a mysterious wrestling newsletter which, to our knowledge, has not yet been published (honest, I'm not kidding), the name and address of which we will be sure to plug once we become aware of it. --JDM]

Dick from Yellow Springs has burning question (no doubt!)

How could your nephew turn on Uncle Dave in issue #110? The nerve of that little punker. So much 4-Life! (Does Jubie Jay bring guns or other weapons to school?)

Dick Freeman, Yellow Springs, OH

[Unless you consider six-inch biceps as being cannons or pythons, the only dangerous things my nine and a half year old nephew takes to school each day is his mouth and an imagination made over-active by watching too many hours of graps and, lately, weekly episodes of the (made for adults but watched by kids) "South Park." Not only do school officials have to endure Jubie Jay's Monday Night-related wrestling antics, but now they have to deal with a kid whose latest hero is that fat-headed little, foul-mouthed, DX role model, racist, xenophobe Eric Cartman!--JDM]

East Coast vs. West Coast Rivalry?

It's rather hypocritical of you to report the injustice experienced by Jubie Jay at the hands of my "hero" Dave in issue #110. The biggest injustice is leaving out my letters in both issues #109 and #110! I could play the race card here, but I have better explanations for this injustice.

It's no secret that I'm attempting to have you removed from my sheet. Issues #109 and #110 were two straight weeks of poor issues. By not having letters by me, the quality of this newsletter is disintegrating at a rapid pace--just ask any of my fans (especially Steve Yohe.) Nobody wants to read your prudish opinions about Val Venis. People want to read about gravitation boots, Nitro Parties, and lengthy letters from me.

For a month now, my "hero" Dave has not printed any of my letters in his Observer. I blame you for this. Also, I have not seen any lengthy articles of mine in your sheet for the past two issues. I blame this on your new censorship policy (that only applies to me) which can be attributed to the East Coast vs. West Coast rivalry.

I am not relinquishing my title of being the most respected sheet icon anytime soon. In a "time honored tradition" of this industry, I will continue to make every effort possible to find one forum or another in which I can push my letters down people's throats. If you think Dusty pushed himself to the point of nausea in 1988, you haven't seen nothing yet!

Eric "This Conspiracy Against Me Sucks!" Bemben, Brooklyn, NY

So much for tradition, dungeons & the Hart Family Dynasty

Whereas the appearance of Dennis Rodman on Nitro from Detroit was designed to give WCW a sorely needed ratings pop for 6/8 (there would be mucho headless running around in Atlanta if Raw won that night!) the main reason Nitro should be remembered is that 31 minutes passed after the show opened before any actual wrestling took place. Could anyone have gotten away with doing a half-hour of interviews five, ten, thirty years ago? . . . Dennis Rodman may be handy on the hardcourts pulling basketballs down from NBA backboards, but when it comes to cutting WCW promos in squared-circles, he sucks. Not a clue. In fact, he was so bad, he made Hogan sound like The World's Greatest Orator. Rodzilla's ugly, too. Seriously, would you bring home to your mother any woman who had dated Dennis Rodman? Not only would I want to see the woman's results from a blood test, but I'd also demand the print-out of a brain scan. Madonna and Rodman? Good thing they never had a kid. Hate to think of

what it would have looked like and how much the circus would charge for sideshow admission. . . Jerry Flynn's arena entrance, the way he flicks brow-sweat at big mouthed, open-mouthed, howling-mouthed fans? I hope Flynn doesn't have AIDS. Exchange of bodily fluids, you know. . . Chris Jericho reading his FedEx letter (isn't the FedEx gag getting old now?) from "Uncle" Ted deserves an Emmy--the way he went from expressing unbridled joy to being totally crushed when he got to the letter's punch line that he's a jerk (but our kind of jerk, right?). . . Mike Teney gets funniest comment of the night when he quips about Hammer being tag-teamed with Juvi: "Is Hammer a luchadore, now?" Hammer gets FUNNIEST JOKE of the night when he actually tries a flying move over the top rope onto Ron Reis, a move that looks like he is pastry dough falling off a table. Then again, the last time I tried a flying move like that (off a mountain bike) I looked like a Pringle getting run over by a dump truck! Wait! Hammer is working! Hammer can wrestle! He's showing he's got--Eesh!--game! Is this the beginning of a push? Let's see: Hammer's got big muscles, great hair, big muscles, a lot of heart, big muscles, a couple of moves, and big muscles! (Move over Goldberg--you freakin' has been!!!) When Reis pinned Juvi it looked a guy humping a toy doll. Really ugly. . . I liked it when Tony Schiavone and Larry Zbyskyo were huckstering WCW's "big" Publicity Department's announcement that was scheduled for the 6/11 Thunder, and Mike Teney kept butting in to call some of the wrestling match that was in progress. . . Oh, oh! The Nitro Girls came out wearing shiny black hot pants and matching halters! What's next? Crepe paper thongs? Also toooooo sweet: the four babes WCW hired to hang with Hollywood, Rodzilla, and Easy Enema. For the wives or girlfriends of any of those guys who were surrounded by that high-priced talent, you should know your husbands or boyfriends were seriously testosteronally challenged, major-league turned-on, and had raw, unadulterated SEX on their minds during those promos. Trust me, a guy can tell when other guys are fighting back the urge to grow woodrows on national TV!. . . GOD, RODMAN IS UGLY. When he was puffing that cigar, he looked like a butt with a smoking stool. . . No doubt about it. Jim Ross of the WWF is great with the mic. And Tony Schiavone of WCW is just as terrific at selling stuff that does--and does not--matter, but when Tony's outside the booth, doing the Mean Gene-type interviews, he should wear a coat or at least an extra-large windbreaker to hide the jelly rolls he's storing in his dress shirt. Doing promos with wrestlers on the ramps, he looks like the kind of guy who wears jeans with six-inch cuffs and reminds me of that pudgy little guy who once did skits with David Letterman. . . Even Mike Teney could not save the promo where fans were cooking burgers and brats in the parking lot. Most fans don't have Clue One about cutting promos. Fans are at their best when the camera pans the audience and they hold signs, wave to mom, stick out their tongues or point to their loaded halter tops. . . Does anyone else have the reaction I do when I see a father holding his kid above the guard rail and the kid is wearing one of those white three-sizes-too-big Sting masks? Do the words "sad," "odd," "retarded," and may one day grow up to become a "Halloween-Scream-Jason-I Know What You Did Last Summer-Psycho Killer" come to mind?. . . Oh, no! They just killed Kenny! I mean, Oh, no! WCW just killed Bret Hart! (D'ja see the way that grinning scumbag showed his true colors and put his hand on Miss Elizabeth's thigh and patted it rather fondly when she was doing the promo with Hollywood? And this is the man who wouldn't let his kids watch DX do loin chops on Monday night Raw?!) How does it work, anyway? Hogan comes to the arena, eats some pizza, figures out ways he can bury--one way or another--anyone who might take heat away from him? Bret reminds me of a kid wearing one of the big white Sting masks, because at this point, he's looking so out of place, it's spooky. So much for Tradition, Dungeons, and the Hart Family Dynasty. . . I usually enjoy Konnan (in small doses) and Kevin Nash (in even smaller doses), but the promos they were cutting in retaliation to those cut by Black & White NWO were pathetic. Ninety-eight percent of the time, Roddy Piper can get away with saying nothing--because he's Piper. But K-Dog and Big Sexy are not Roddy Piper. When they say nothing it's really nothing and they should stick to a script. Big Sexy should also consider shelving the Levis and stick to wearing motorcycle pants when he comes to the ring. "Big Sexy" is not exactly the name I would give someone who, in jeans, is knock-kneed and whose ass looks like a Buick backing out of a parking lot. . . . When Hogan and Bischoff were french-kissing Elizabeth in the luxury box (as that degenerate Canadian Bret Hart leared on), what I thought Savage was going to yell (when he said, "Let me tell you something that you both don't know!") was that . . . "Elizabeth has herpes!!!"

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